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554,178 in JULY.

THE WORLD'S

CIRCULATION

IN JULY WAS

554,178

PER DAY.

THE EXTENDED COMBINED

CIRCULATION OF THE NEW YORK

TRIBUNE, THE NEW YORK

HERALD, THE NEW YORK

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TRIBUNE, THE NEW YORK

Is the voice that of Benedict or of Cleveland? Confidences are close on fishing excursions. Has the President while baiting one hook for the fish baited another with this greenback retirement proposition for the next Democratic Convention?

People generally will believe that Benedict in this matter means Cleveland, and that the proposition comes from the President. Is the yachtsman a sort of ground bait, as it were, thrown out in this political fishing venture to attract the notice of the public? If so, how will it succeed?

By their better playing at the end of the season the New Yorks can only arouse vain regrets that they didn't do some of it sooner.

THE CRIME OF THE MILK SELLERS.

The poor people of this city are cheated by the sellers of milk. What they pay their money for is mostly water. This is a crime—the worst, the meanest kind of a crime. Milk is the foundation food of the children. If they are given water instead, the child is built up like the West Broadway structure, on rotten stone and shifting quicksand. When the strain of disease comes the flesh and blood crumbles, the child falls and dies.

The punishment for this crime is a fine and imprisonment, or both. Hitherto the judges have only fined. The crime has increased. Fines have been paid by the rich wholesalers. The time for fining has gone by.

Prison for the criminal sellers of watered milk.

No new record for the Paris this time, and the Campana only reduced her own time. But that doesn't make it out that either liner has joined the procession of the slow.

A KING WHO CAN NOW WRITE.

King Alfonso, of Spain, has written a letter. The King is nine years old, and the letter, so the cable informs us, is the first he has ever written. He made six tries at it before his verbiage and chirography satisfied him, and then his royal messenger had to correct one of the words before he would allow it to be deposited in the nearest mail-box. The little King, his mother and all the hidalgos, tordadores, vaqueros and greasers in Spain seem to be wild with delight over the boy's epistolary achievement.

Small boys in America will laugh right into their sleeves when they learn of the importance that has been given to Alfonso's first effort in letter-writing. There are boys of nine all over this land who can write letters that will perfect any one to dictation and penmanship. Our public schools are full of such products. The Sick Babies' Fund column every day contains letters from nine and eight year olds, that Alfonso could not duplicate if he tied his eyes in sailor knots and tore his brain into letter-falls trying to do it.

His King may be a soft snapper, but it doesn't make a boy's think-tank any wider or deeper than if he were only a common "newsy" or a bootblack.

SCHOOL TEACHERS HAUGHT.

Teach Ward, is of opinion that the law might as well prohibit bicycling, as riding bicycles and preventing men from riding them on Sunday. On a recent visit to Greenwich, Conn., Mr. Haught "scent" a host of Sunday riders passing the very door of the church he attended. He holds that "if them bicyclers was not riding on Sunday they would be in the church."

Mr. Haught's remarks are chiefly interesting as showing what sort of man may get to be a school trustee under favoring circumstances.

THE POOR, SUFFERING CLERKS.

That the poor, suffering clerks on Ellis Island would be spared an hour or two of overwork, 700 immigrants were kept on board the steamship Campana all last night, though the boat was docked at 2.45 o'clock in the afternoon. Only the humanity of the Steamship Company in giving the 700 the privilege of the deck came between those poor people and a night in a stifling steerage with a temperature of more than 100 degrees. The protest sent to Washington in consequence of this act of Ellis Island brutality should not be in vain.

SO WARM HAS THE CONTEST FOR SPEED.

superiority become between the Great Northern and Northwestern railways, in Great Britain, that a Member of Parliament has arisen to protest against the competition as one likely to end in a terrible disaster. At present Victory lies with the Northwestern. A train on that line ran 54 miles in 512 minutes Thursday night. Part of the distance was covered at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour. This beats us out of sight. We must get square with yachts.

THE SALOON MEN'S ASSOCIATION HAS GIVEN.

in. It will issue instructions to its members to close their places on Sunday. Roosevelt's thick-and-thinner are mightily tickled. The man with the teeth has put a final squelcher on the poor man's growler. And to-morrow he may, if he will, sit in his palatial Union League Club and drink to the further success of municipal reform.

IT IS ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE TO

read of a two hours' conference at Syracuse, at which Senators Raines and O'Connor and ex-Senator Hendricks failed to arrange a "deal" over a Judiciary bill in the Court of Appeals. These Republican statesmen will yet elevate the Bench, if time and rope are allowed.

"DEFENDER ALL RIGHT." HOPE SO.

So she seemed last Saturday, but Tuesday doesn't agree with me in a foot or a knave," says the President of the Police Board. No difference between them.

WHICH FISHERMAN SPEAKS?

E. C. Benedict, President Cleveland's close friend and yachting and fishing chum, has just returned from a jaunt with the National Fisherman. He has no new fish stories to relate. He does not tell of any wonderful catches, either as to number or weight, but he declares emphatically that he is in favor of retiring the whole greenback currency as a step necessary to a sound financial policy.

"We must wipe out the legal tenders," says Yachtsman Benedict, and he adds that if the Democratic party fails to come out squarely in its platform for such a policy he will vote with any party that does.

Which fisherman is it that speaks?

MAJOR SIRONA'S CRUSADE FOR MORE

freescapes and open freescapes is one to be fully and heartily indorsed.

"CHINA NOW DEFENDS US."

And still there are no new fishing reports from Gray Gables.

BURGLARY IS EPIDEMIC IN THE SMALLER

towns contiguous to the metropolitan district.

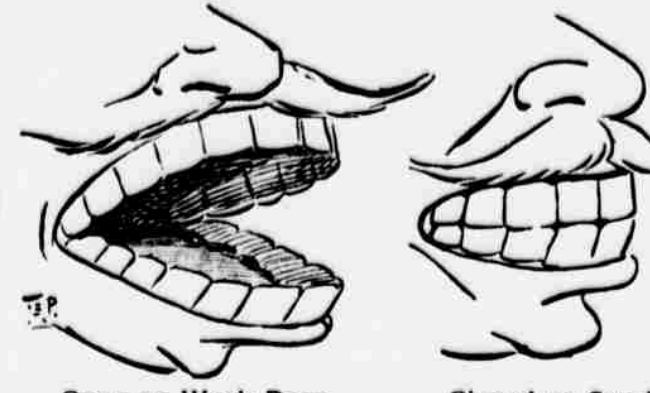
REPUBLICAN HARMONY IN THE CITY

becomes less and less of a grand, sweet song.

This is the one day in the year when the Futurity becomes the present.

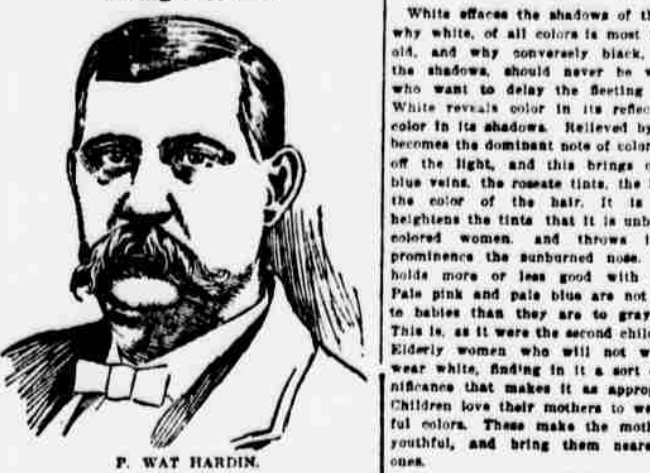
"No fender on the car." And Baby Esie Dunham was crushed and multi-

ALL THE SAME AS A SALOON.



Open on Week Days. Closed on Sunday.

OUR WOMAN PHILOSOPHER.



P. WAT HARRIS.

This is a picture of the free silver Democrat who, nominated for Governor of Kentucky, is making trouble by breaking away from the sound-money platform of his party.

THE LATEST CAPTIVE IN PARIS IS A LITTLE

brooded captive after the fashions of our grandmothers. Every woman with any pretension to the name when a woman must be constantly borrowing the pencil, the penknife, a bit of paper or a match from man. Without these things and many more, how incomplete she is when alone.

Whenever a woman does some particularly naughty act she is pretty sure to be described as pretty and attractive. But Prof. Lombroso describes the female offender as ugly and misshapen. By her ears, her jaw, her skin, her finger-joints, she should have been already under suspicion by the police. If a woman is pretty it is prima facie evidence that she is good.

THE OLD BATTERED GROWLER.

How dear to our hearts are bold Teddy's dry Sundays.

When beer flowed like water just in the mid-

day!

The funny statistics Ted gave out on Mondays

Picked up in a cab as by barrows he tore.

The guard keeping watch and the cop who stood

by him.

The signal, the watchword that let us go by:

The smug, and the way that the guard would

deny him.

And even the old growler that never was dry.

The battered old growler, the cool, frothing

growler.

The steady-worked growler that never went dry!

That battered old growler we rushed was a

treasure.

In brown paper bag or in basket concealed:

We found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.

It filled us with the finest beer brewers could

yield.

How ardent we seized it, with hands that were

glowing.

And quick to the barroom we sent it away,

And soon with the latest beer back ordering.

That battered old growler we worked the whole

day.

That battered old growler, that cool frothing

growler.

That something old growler, we worked the

whole day.

How sweet on a Sunday it was to receive it.

As fresh from the keg it tinkled to my lips!

Not all of Ted's coppers could tempt me to

leave it.

As it came back from one of those dry Sunday

trips.

But now the saloon men have passed resolutions

That the Sunday blue laws they'll no longer

defy.

They are sick of the cranky small and mean

penitentiaries;

In September the Sundays they'll really make

of.

Then alas for the growler! The battered old

growler.

The jolly old growler Ted couldn't make dry!

N. A. JENNINGS.

A LESSON IN DRESSMAKING.



THE POEMS OF CHARLES A. DANA.

When the venerable editor of The Sun takes his pen in hand to write poetry it is an event which demands prayerful attention from the humble critic. Mr. Dana, in the four little erotic poems published in the current Harpers' Weekly, lifts suddenly a veil from ability at delicate word arabesque little suspected by those who had long supposed that the aged gentleman's only power was that of a literary slinger. His jabs, cross-currents, punches and violent rushes at all the Presidents of the United States and the editor of the Evening Post have completely deceived the public. While he passed his days on Park Row writing "divine" articles, his languorous nights at Glen Cove were given up to the fashioning of such flagrant lines as:

"In the nightly darkness

Lips would kiss without love."

While in the storm and stress of po-

litical battle he shot by sunlight at

Grover Cleveland whole batteries of "fat

stuff" editorials, the plash of the moon-

lighted waves at Dorothea fell softly

on his ear as he wrote:

"At the happy hour of evening shadows,

Where in his luxurious harem

The Mussulman wears away the days

There an enchantress, bewitching,

Unlike King Richard he can turn easily

from war and war's alarm into the las-

civious pleasantries of the lute.

This versatility in so old a pen war-

rior is astonishing. There is nothing

in the "nightly darkness" of "kisses with-

out love" so far he still draws the line

very much this side of "the altogether."

In this the poet is much to be com-

mented. It takes strength and force of

character to resist being carried away

by the mad current bearing such de-

cadencies as Mallarme, Verlaine and the

French school of Chicago.

There is something, it is true, of the

characteristics of that to which Max

Nordau has given the name "degenera-

cy," in the second verse of his ling-

erlingly wrought "Beauty." It would be

unfair to make this comment without

giving the readers opportunity to judge

its justness. Here are the lines:

"If perhaps thou hast not hastened,

Even to a rendezvous of love;

If thy heart has not been kept alive

By the lady's imagination;

Meeting with her, thou art confounded;

Shivering with cold without willing it.

And worshipping reverentially

Before holy beauty."

Mr. Dana calls all his poems "transla-

tions." His modesty travels abroad

of truth. The Irish poet, Davis, la-

bored many of his most striking

works "Prophet of the Copied" or "From

the Greek." Fitzgerald, lately dead,

the finest artificer in English of our

day, said his poems were from Omar

Khyam, the Persian. So Dana says his

are from Pushkin, the Russian. This

may be true, but like Davis and Fitz-

gerald, the warmth, the passion, the

heart of fire is Dana's own.

That these are not translations is

further shown by the undertone here

and there of the American spirit.

Dvorak, the composer of much up-to-

date music, gives it as his belief that

when the United States comes to have